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Language with most men in everyday life is a paper money currency, which passes from hand to hand, bearing simply the signature of the day; to the eye of the student and man of reflection words are a series of valuable coins impressed with the stamp of different countries and eras, the portraits of kings and princes, the golden legends of loyalty and faith. Not one man in ten thousand is aware of the wealth of his language. To vary slightly the illustration which we have just employed, he uses words as common copper currency, which are silver or gold. Words have become trite expressions, literally as the coin has lost its effigy by use and handling. He would be a wise man who should seek to revive these images and recover this lost treasure. For words, thoroughly known and appreciated, are a perpetual historical treasure to a man. Perhaps we have no securer or more convenient possession than our language. A man who is rich in nothing else may be rich in words; and as a gentleman will point to the genealogy of his ancestors or the dates and vintages of his wines, so we may say with some pride, of this myriad-formed English tongue which we use—This word came in with William the Conqueror, for that you may go to the days of Homer, this bit of Latin was cherished by the Roman church, this ludicrous term sparkles with the laughter of the middle ages; the law bequeathed us this, medicine the next, and divinity a third; one

word bears the brand of Shakspeare, another the label of Dryden; this blossomed on the old Germanic stock and has a twang of the Rhine, while this is of home growth, and smacks sharply of the forest or prairie. The hasty necessities of American life are told in our clipped pronunciation, our Websterian spelling, and cant expressions. Our western emigrants, in the paucity of schoolmasters and dictionaries, use words as they do their kettles and saucepans, making one, as "fix" for instance, do duty for a dozen. To the same result, fops, from sheer ignorance and lack of ideas, have some universal, fashionable cant word which they employ on all occasions.

It is Mr. Trench's pleasure to trace the moral history of words, a pursuit congenial to his profession and study as a devout clergyman, in which he beats up some curious game:—

## DEGENERATED WORDS.

"How many words men have dragged downward with themselves, and made partakers more or less of their own fall. Having originally an honorable significance, they have yet, with the deterioration and degeneration of those that used them, deteriorated and degenerated too. What a multitude of words, originally harmless, have assumed a harmful as their secondary meaning; how many worthy have acquired an unworthy. Thus 'knaves' meant once no more than lad (nor does it now in German mean more), 'villain' than peasant; a 'boor' was only a farmer, a 'varlet' was but a serving-man, a 'churl' but a strong fellow. 'Time-server' was used two hundred years ago quite as often for one in an honorable as in a dishonorable sense 'serving the time.' 'Conceits' had once nothing concealed in them; 'officious' had reference to offices of kindness and not of busy meddling; 'moody' was that which pertained to a man's mood, without any gloom or sullenness implied, 'Demure' (which is, 'des mœurs,' of good manners), conveyed no hint, as it does now, of an over-doing of the outward demonstrations of modesty. In 'crafty' and 'cunning' there was nothing of crooked wisdom implied, but only knowledge and skill; 'craft,' indeed, still retains very often its more honorable use, a man's 'craft' being his skill, and then the trade in which he is well skilled. And think you that the Magdalen could have ever given us 'maudlin' in its present contemptuous application, if the tears of penitential weeping had been held in due honor in the world? 'Tinsel,' from the French 'étincelle,' meant once anything that sparkles or glistens; thus 'cloth of tinsel' would be cloth inwrought with silver and gold; but the sad experience that 'all is not gold that glitters,' that much which shows fair and specious to the eye is yet worthless in reality, has caused the word imperceptibly to assume the meaning which it now has, and when we speak of 'tinsel,' either literally or figuratively, we always mean now that which has no reality of sterling worth underlying the glittering and specious shows which it makes. 'Tawdry,' which is a word of curious derivation, though I will not pause to go into it, has undergone exactly the same process; it once conveyed no intimation of mean finery, or shabby splendor, as now it does."

And again, showing the disposition in men, by their hypocrisies, to pervert everything sacred and noble:—

"Thus for instance is it with the word 'prude,' signifying as now it does a woman with an over-scrupulous affectation of a modesty which she does not really feel, and be-

traying the absence of the reality by this over-preciseness and niceness about the shadow. This use of the word must needs have been the result of a great corruption of manners in them among whom it grew up. Goodness must have gone strangely out of fashion, before things could have come to this. For 'prude,' which is a French word, means virtuous or prudent; 'prud'homme' being a man of courage and probity. But where morals are greatly and almost universally relaxed, virtue is often treated as hypocrisy; and thus, in a dissolute age, and one disbelieving the existence of any inward purity, the word 'prude' came to designate one who affected a virtue, even as none were esteemed to do anything more; and in this use of it, which, having once acquired, it continues to retain, abides an evidence of the corrupt world's dislike to and disbelief in the realities of goodness, its willingness to treat them as mere hypocrisies and shows.

"Again, why should the word 'simple' be used slightly, and 'simpleton' more slightly still? According to its derivation the 'simple,' is one 'without fold,' sine plicia; just what we may imagine Nathaniel to have been, and what our Lord attributed as the highest honor to him, the 'Israelite without guile'; and indeed, what higher honor could there be than to have nothing double about us, to be without duplicities or folds? Even the world, that despises 'simplicity,' does not profess to approve of 'duplicité,' or double-foldedness."

"Thus 'silly,' written 'seely' in our earlier English, is beyond a doubt the German 'selig,' which means 'blessed.' We see the word in its transition state in our early poets, with whom 'silly' is so often an affectionate epithet, applied to sheep as expressive of their harmlessness and innocence. With a still slighter departure from its original meaning, an early English poet applies the word to the Lord of Glory himself, while yet an infant of days, styling him 'this harmless silly babe.' But here the same process went forward as with the words 'simple' and 'innocent.' And the same moral phenomenon repeats itself continually."

"The French have their 'bonhomme' with the same undertone of contempt, the Greeks also a well-known word. It is to the honor of the Latin, and is very characteristic of the best side of Roman life, that 'simpliciter' and 'simplicitas' never acquired this abusive signification."

You give man a good word, and like a beggar on horseback, he soon rides with it to the devil. Truly, do words, like men, show traces of the Fall. Verily, as said Dr. South, "an Aristotle" using the noblest language under heaven in a noble way, "is but the rubbish of an Adam!"

The national history in words, is a topic on which Mr. Trench has brought together some of the results of the best scholarship—as in the oft-mentioned distinction of

## SAXON AND NORMAN TERMS.

"While the statelier superstructure of the language, almost all articles of luxury, all that has to do with the chase, with chivalry, with personal adornment, is Norman throughout; with the broad basis of the language, and therefore of the life, it is otherwise. The great features of nature, sun, moon, and stars, earth, water, and fire, all the prime social relations, father, mother, husband, wife, son, daughter, these are Saxon. The palace and the castle may have come to us from the Norman, but to the Saxon we owe far dearer names, the house, the roof, the home, the hearth. His 'board' too, and often probably it was no more, has a more hospitable sound

\* On the Study of Words. By Richard Chenevix Trench. From the Second London Edition, revised and enlarged. Redfield.

than the 'table' of his lord. His sturdy arms turn the soil; he is the boor, the hind, the churl; or it is his Norman master has a name for him, it is one which on his lips becomes more and more a title of opprobrium and contempt, the villain. The instruments used in cultivating the earth, the flail, the plough, the sickle, the spade, are expressed in his language; so too the main products, of the earth, as wheat, rye, oats, bere, i. e. barley; and no less the names of domestic animals. Concerning these last it is not a little characteristic to observe (and it may be remembered that Wamba, the Saxon jester in *Ivanhoe*, plays the philologist here), that the names of almost all animals so long as they are alive, are thus Saxon, but when dressed and prepared for food become Norman—a fact indeed which we might have expected beforehand; for the Saxon hind had the charge and labor of tending and feeding them, but only that they might appear on the table of his Norman lord. Thus ox, steer, cow, are Saxon, but beef Norman; calf is Saxon, but veal Norman; sheep is Saxon, but mutton Norman; so it is severally with swine and pork, deer and venison, fowl and pullet. Bacon, the only flesh which perhaps ever came within his reach, is the single exception."

Not the least curious of the special historical examples is

#### THE WORD DUNCE.

"We may all know what a 'dunce' is, but we may not be as well acquainted with the quarter whence the word has been derived. Certain theologians in the middle ages were termed schoolmen; being so called because they were formed in the cloister and cathedral schools which Charlemagne had founded—men not to be lightly spoken of, as now they often are by those who never read a line of their works, and have not a tithe of their wit; who moreover little guess how many of the most familiar words which they employ, or misemploy, have descended to them from these. 'Real,' 'virtual,' 'entity,' 'nonentity,' 'equivocation,' all these, with many more unknown to classical Latin, but which now have become almost necessities, were first coined by the schoolmen, and passing over from them into the language of those more or less interested in their speculations, have gradually filtered through the successive strata of society, till now they have reached, some of them, to quite the lowest. At the revival of learning, however, their works fell out of favor; they were not written in classical Latin; the form in which their speculations were thrown was often unattractive; it was mainly in their authority that the Romish church found support for many of its perilled dogmas; on all which accounts, it was considered a mark of intellectual progress and advance to have broken with them and altogether thrown off their yoke. Some, however, still cling to these Schoolmen, and to one in particular, *Duns Scotus*, the great teacher of the Franciscan order; and many times an adherent of the old learning would seek to strengthen his position by an appeal to its great doctor, familiarly called *Duns*; while the others would contemptuously rejoin, 'Oh, you are a *Dunsman*,' or more briefly, 'You are a *Duns*.'—or, 'This is a piece of *dunsery*,' and inasmuch as the new learning was ever enlisting more and more of the genius and scholarship of the age on its side, the title became more and more a term of scorn: 'Remember ye not,' says Tyndal, 'how within this thirty years and far less, the old barking eurs, *Duns's* disciples, and like druff called *Scotists*, the children of darkness, raged in every pulpit against Greek, Latin, and Hebrew!' And thus from that long extinct conflict between the old and the new learning, that strife between the

medieval and the modern theology, we inherit the words, 'dunce,' and 'duncery.'"

The derivation of tariff points to a barbarous origin, which might serve for a sting in the tail of a sentence for a free-trade speech:

#### THE FIRST TARIFF MEN.

"Nor is the true derivation of 'tariff' unworthy to be traced. We all know what it means, namely, a fixed scale of duties, levied upon imports. If you turn to a map of Spain, you will take note at its southern point, and running out into the straits of Gibraltar, of a promontory, which from its position is admirably adapted for commanding the entrance of the Mediterranean sea, and watching the exit and entrance of all ships. A fortress stands upon this promontory, called now, as it was also called in the times of the Moorish domination in Spain, 'Tarifa'; the name indeed is of Moorish origin. It was the custom of the Moors to watch from this point all merchantships going into, or coming out of, the Midland sea; and issuing from this stronghold, to levy duties according to a fixed scale on all merchandise passing in and out of the straits, and this was called from the place where it was levied, 'tarifa' or 'tariff'; and in this way we have acquired the word."

The history of words is the history of trade and commerce. Your very apparel is a dictionary:—

"The 'bayonet' tells us that it was first made at Bayonne—'cambrics' that they came from Cambray—'damask' from Damascus—'arras' from the city of the same name—'cordwain' or 'cordova' from Cordova—'currants' from Corinth—the 'guinea,' that it was originally coined of gold brought from the African coast so called—'camel' that it was woven, at least in part, of camel's hair. Such has been the manufacturing progress of England that we now send our calicoes and muslins to India and the east; yet the words give standing witness that we once imported them thence; for 'calico' is from Calicut, and 'muslin' from Moussul, a city in Asiatic Turkey."

And so you might go on, with the aid of Mr. Trench's suggestions, the invaluable historical dictionary of Richardson, and a true taste for the reading of the best classic authors—calling upon words to give an account of themselves, and meeting everywhere among them stern moralists and boon companions.

While good men and true scholars are thus looking upon their language with increased reverence, there are two classes of persons who would injure or render it worthless for all these finer purposes—we allude to those clippers of the national currency, the Websterian spellers, who have misled various newspapers to thrust their impertinencies upon the public, and those wholesale dabbles, the phonographers,—for whom Mr. Trench has some serious and sagacious remarks:—

#### PHONETIC SPELLING.

"I can conceive no method of so effectually defacing and barbarizing our English tongue, no scheme that would go so far to empty it, practically at least and for us, of all the hoarded wit, wisdom, imagination, and history which it contains, to cut the vital nerve which connects its present with the past, as the introduction of the scheme of 'phonetic spelling,' which some have lately been zealously advocating among us; the principle of which is that all words should be spelt according as they are sounded, that the writing should be, in every case, subordinated to the speaking."

"The tacit assumption that it ought so to

be is the pervading error running through the whole system. But there is no necessity that it should; every word on the contrary has two existences, as a spoken word and a written; and you have no right to sacrifice one of these, or even to subordinate it wholly, to the other. A word exists as truly for the eye as for the ear, and in a highly advanced state of society, where reading is almost as universal as speaking, as much perhaps for the first as for the last. That in the written word moreover is the permanence and continuity of language and of learning, and that the connexion is most intimate of a true orthography with all this, is affirmed in our words 'letters,' 'literature,' 'unlettered,' even as in other languages by words entirely corresponding to these.

"The gains consequent on the introduction of such a change as is proposed would be insignificantly small, while the losses would be enormously great. The gains would be the saving of a certain amount of labor in the learning to spell; an amount of labor, however, absurdly exaggerated by the promoters of the scheme. This labor, whatever it is, would be in great part saved, as the pronunciation would at once put in possession of the spelling; if, indeed, spelling or orthography could then be said to exist. But even this insignificant gain would not long remain, seeing that pronunciation is itself continually altering; custom is lord here for better or for worse; and a multitude of words are now pronounced in a different manner from that of a hundred years ago, so that, ere very long, there would again be a chasm between the spelling and pronunciation of words;—unless indeed the former were to vary, as I do not see well how it could consistently refuse to do with each variation of the latter, reproducing each one of its barbarous or capricious alterations; which thus it must be remembered, would be changes not in the pronunciation only, but in the word itself, for the word would only exist as a pronounced word, the written being a mere shadow of this. When these had multiplied a little, and they would indeed multiply exceedingly, so soon as the barrier against them which now exists was removed, what the language would ere long become, it is not easy to guess.

"This fact, however, though alone sufficient to show how little the scheme of phonetic spelling would remove even those inconveniences which it proposes to remedy, is only the smallest objection to it. The far deeper and more serious one is, that in innumerable instances it would obliterate altogether those clear marks of birth and parentage, which, if not all, yet so many of our words bear now upon their very fronts, or are ready, upon a very slight interrogation, to declare to us. Words have now an ancestry; and the ancestry of words as of men is often a very noble part of them, making them capable of great things, because those from whom they are descended have done great things before them; but this would deface their seutcheon, and bring them all to the same ignoble level. Words are now a nation, grouped into tribes and families, some smaller, some larger; this change would go far to reduce them to a promiscuous and barbarous horde. Now they are often translucent with their idea, as an alabaster vase is lighted up by a lamp placed within it; in how many cases would this inner light be then quenched! They have now a body and a soul, and the soul looking through the body; oftentimes then nothing but the body, not seldom nothing but the carcase, of the word would remain. Both these objections were urged long ago by Bacon, who characterizes this so-called reformation, 'that writing should be consonant to speaking,' as 'a branch of unprofitable subtlety,' and especially urges that thereby 'the derivations of words, espe-



and animates plants and animals, and excites the heart of man to happiness and gratitude towards his Maker."

Having explored the most interesting portions of the island, the traveller returns to Reikjavick to await for a returning vessel. She finds the town in an unwonted bustle:

"It was now July, and that month is the great period for trade and traffic in Iceland. The country people then flock to Reikjavick from a distance of twenty miles or more in order to sell their produce, and provide themselves with the necessaries of life. The merchants and factors are hardly able to attend to them all; they have not hands enough to barter their goods or settle the accounts, which are often wound up for a year on such occasions.

"An unparalleled degree of animation prevails at Reikjavick during this busy season. Numerous groups of men and horses are everywhere to be seen. Wares are loading or unloading in one direction; and friends who have not met for a year or longer, are embracing in another. Some are taking their leave and others striking their tents; here children are scuffling and tumbling about, and there staggers a drunkard, whose fruitless attempts to mount his horse you watch with some anxiety, expecting at every moment to see him roll over on the ground.

"Unfortunately this life and excitement last but five or six days; the hay-harvest is at hand for the farmers, and the merchant must hasten to put order in his affairs and freight his ships, that he may sail for his distant haven before the gales of the autumnal equinox set in."

Professional men, at least clergymen and physicians, have a hard life in Iceland:

"The most laborious among the salaried offices in this country are those of the physicians and the clergy. Their circuits are very extensive, particularly the physicians, who are often sent for from a distance of twenty or thirty German miles. And when it is taken into consideration how often they are exposed to the fearful tempests of an Iceland winter, which lasts six or eight months of the year, it must be confessed that their lot is not an enviable one, and it is only wonderful that any one should be willing to accept the post.

"When the doctor is called for in winter, the country people present themselves with shovels and pickaxes to clear the road before him, and always come provided with several horses, as he is frequently obliged to change from one exhausted animal to another, during his long rides through the fog and darkness, the snow-drifts and storms; life and death often hanging on his speed the while. Sometimes he returns to his own fire-side quite worn out with the cold and exposure, and has barely time to recruit from his fatigues before another summons arrives, and he must tear himself again from his family to face new dangers, before he has had time to relate the perils of his former expedition. When he is sent for by sea the risk is still greater on that stormy element.

"The salary of the physicians is by no means in proportion to their services, but that of the priests is still less so. Some of the benefices are only worth from two to eight florins a year, and the richest of them does not produce more than two hundred florins. The government provides a house for the priests, often no better than a peasant's hut, a small pasture-ground, and a few heads of cattle; and they are also entitled to a share of the hay, sheep's wool, fish, &c., of their parishioners. But most of the clergy are so poor that they and their families are dressed in the usual garb of the peasantry, from which it is diffi-

cult to distinguish them. The wife attends to the cattle, and milks the cows and sheep, assisted by her maid, while the priest goes into the field and mows with the aid of his man. His whole intercourse is naturally confined to the poorer classes, and therein consists that patriarchal simplicity of life and manners which has been lauded by so many travellers. I should like to know if any of them would be willing to try it!

"Besides all his other labors, the same priest has often three or four districts under his charge, which are sometimes at a distance of several miles from his residence. He is expected to visit them all in turn, so as to hold divine service in each district once in every few weeks. The priest, however, is not compelled to brave all weathers like the physician, and whenever Sunday proves a very stormy day he dispenses with his visitations, as it would be impossible for his scattered congregations to assemble."

Madame Pfeiffer complains of the grasping spirit of the Icelanders, but the examples she gives hardly warrant the harsh terms she uses. She leaves the island at the end of July, and arrives at Copenhagen Aug. 19th. From this point she makes a rapid excursion through portions of Norway and Sweden, afterwards passing through Germany to her home in Vienna.

Madame Pfeiffer is fortunate in having her work introduced to American readers by a lady so favorably known to them by the grace and animation of her own original writings, good qualities which do not fail her in her less ambitious and perhaps more laborious duty as a translator.

#### INGOLDSBY.\*

THOMAS INGOLDSBY, Esq., is one of the "laughing crew" of modern philosophers, whose chief stock in trade is the assortment mentioned by the great poet, to wit, "quips and cranks and wreathed smiles"—but it may be a question whether the serious bard would have encouraged and recognised as lawful the objects around which these abundant smiles are caused to wreath. The maxim of these modern mirth-mongers is not only "Laugh while you may," but "Laugh at all you can." Our able and faithful contemporary on the other side of the water, the *London Athenæum*, has commented, with a severe judgment, on the recent employment of the comic muse. It is its belief—and there are not wanting others to give in their adhesion to the creed—that our ancient and admired friend Thalia has ceased to exhibit those qualities of ladylike pleasantry and graceful enjoyment most proper to her condition.

The smile gay and yet respectful, the laughter, closing in music, has ceased, and her principal employment, at least among a considerable body of her scholars and attendants, seems to be to make mouths at whatever object happens to come into view.

In some cases the merriment is without humor, a mere artifice of language, a topical absurdity,—in others the mother wit is by no means wanting, although its misdirection is frequently too obvious.

Where shall we "locate" our Rev. Richard Harris Barham, of the present volume? Not among the dullards, certainly—nor, on the other hand, safely among the truly classic and duly-certificated sons of Comus.

In truth Ingoldsby is, in this speculation,

\*The Ingoldsby Legends; or, Mirth and Marvels. By Thomas Ingoldsby, Esq. (the Rev. Richard Harris Barham.) First Series. D. Appleton & Company.

nowhere—but everywhere—for he ranges freely through all the varieties of good comicality and bad. He chooses wrong subjects, and drolls about them with true humor—he is waggish on system, and does not hesitate on occasion to employ any style which chances to come readiest. In part he may be excused and perhaps admired, inasmuch as he does not go in quest of occasions for sport, but relies on certain subjects indigenous to himself and his own proper individual associations. In the disposal of these he exhibits undoubted "skill in fence," and employs his weapon so as to move, oftentimes, "a soul to laughter under the very ribs of death." Too often—for we believe that the majority of the subjects on which he employs his humorous prose and rhyme, in this volume, are connected with the King of Terrors and the grisly incidents of Death.

As specimens of his better and truer manner (not, as a celebrated wit has lately said of another collection, of his "Prose and Worse"—for his rhymes are superior to his reasons), we give first from "the Spectre of Tappington:"—

#### THE BREECHES.

"'Lassy me!' said Miss Julia Simpkinson, 'how long you have been gone!'

"And so they had. The remark was a very just as well as a very natural one. They were gone a long while, and a nice cosey chat they had; and what do you think it was all about, my dear miss!

"'O, lassy me! love, no doubt, and the moon, and eyes, and nightingales, and —'

"Stay, stay, my sweet young lady; do not let the fervor of your feelings run away with you! I do not pretend to say, indeed, that one or more of these pretty subjects might not have been introduced; but the most important and leading topic of the conference was—Lieutenant Seaforth's breeches.

"'Caroline,' said Charles, 'I have had some very odd dreams since I have been at Tappington.'

"'Dreams, have you?' smiled the young lady, arching her taper neck like a swan in pluming. 'Dreams, have you!'

"'Ay, dreams,—or dream, perhaps, I should say; for, though repeated, it was still the same. And what do you imagine was its subject?'

"'It is impossible for me to divine,' said the tongue;—'I have not the least difficulty in guessing,' said the eye, as plainly as ever eye spoke.

"'I dreamt—of your great grandfather!'

"'There was a change in the glance—'My great grandfather!'

"'Yes, the old Sir Giles, or Sir John, you told me about the other day: he walked into my bedroom in his short cloak of murrey-colored velvet, his long rapier, and his Raleigh-looking hat and feather, just as the picture represents him; but with one exception.'

"'And what was that?'

"'Why his lower extremities, which were visible, were—those of a skeleton.'

"'Well.'

"'Well, after taking a turn or two about the room, and looking round him with a wistful air, he came to the bed's foot, stared at me in a manner impossible to describe, and then he—he laid hold of my pantaloons; whipped his long bony legs into them in a twinkling; and, strutting up to the glass, seemed to view himself in it with great complacency. I tried to speak, but in vain. The effort, however, seemed to excite his attention; for, wheeling about, he showed me the grimmest-looking death's head you can well imagine, and with an indescribable grin strutted out of the room.

"Absurd! Charles. How can you talk such nonsense!"

"But, Caroline,—the breeches are really gone."

And then a few of the opening stanzas of MR. BARNEY MAGUIRE'S ACCOUNT OF THE CORONATION.

Air—"The Groves of Blarney."

"Och! the Coronation! what celebration  
For emulation can with it compare!  
When to Westminster the Royal Spinster,  
And the Duke of Leinster, all in order did  
repair!"

'Twas there you'd see the New Polishemen  
Making a skrimmage at half after four,  
And the Lords and Ladies, and Miss O'Grady,

All standing round before the Abbey door.

"Their pillows scornful, that self-same morning  
Themselves adorning, all by the candle-

light,  
With roses and lilies, and daffy-down-dillies,  
And gould, and jewels, and rich di'monds  
bright.

And then approaches five hundred coaches,  
With Giniral Dullbeak.—Och! 'twas  
mighty fine

To see how aasy bould Corporal Casey,  
With his sword drawn, prancing, made  
them kape the line.

"Then the Guns' alarums, and the King of  
Arums,

All in his Garters and his Clarence shoes,  
Opening the massey doors to the bould Am-

bassydors,  
The Prince of Potboys, and great haythen  
Jews;

'Twould have made you crazy to see Ester-

hazy  
All joo's from his jasey to his di'mond  
boots,

With Alderman Harmer, and that swate  
charmer

The female heiress, Miss Anjā-ly Coutts.

"And Wellington, walking with his swoord  
drawn, talking

To Hill and Harding, haroes of great  
fame;

And Sir De Lacy, and the Duke Dalmasey,  
(They call'd him Sowit afore he changed  
his name.)

Themselves presading Lord Melbourne,  
lading

The Queen, the darling, to her royal  
chair,

And that fine ould fellow, the Duke of Pell-

Mello,  
The Queen of Portingal's Chargy-de-fair."

And so through some half a dozen octaves  
more to the same effect.

As a lunch between other books and more  
substantial studies, a slice of "Barham"  
will not be found unpalatable. It should,  
however, be washed down, in our poor  
opinion, with a strong and flowing draught of  
the pure Hippocrene.

#### A LIGHT INFANTRY SQUAD.\*

LEADING our small procession, as before all  
military columns when *en route*, we must of  
course have a mob—not of ragged urchins

\* Mob Cap and other Tales. By Mrs. Caroline Lee  
Hentz. Philadelphia: Peterson.  
Remorse and other Tales. By G. P. R. James. Bunco  
& Bro.

Wau-nan-gee; or, the Massacre of Chicago. By Maj.  
Richardson. Long & Bro.

The Twenty-Fifth of May. By an Officer of the U. S.  
Navy. Stringer & Townsend.

Fortunes and Misfortunes of Harry Racket Scapegrace.  
Long & Bro.

Woodreeve Manor; or, Six Months in Town. By  
Anna H. Dorsey. Phila.: A. Hart.

and colored gentlemen in negligé uniforms  
keeping time with the music, and occasion-  
ally aiding the band by a few volunteer  
strains upon their own native whistles, usu-  
ally well wet for the occasion—but a Mob-  
Cap which, in accordance with the gallant  
motto, "*place aux dames*"—when they de-  
serve it, and furthermore because a cap is  
peculiarly adapted to the head, we shall  
place in the advance.

This "Mob Cap" is not, nor has it any  
connexion with, the coverings for the heads of  
most ancient and quiet watchmen, but is  
neither more nor less than a collection and  
reprint of some of the earlier tales of Mrs.  
Hentz, and deserves a much better dress than  
the yellow smalls in which the publisher has  
invested it.

A solitary horseman, or a pair, are now ne-  
cessary to clear the way, and we accordingly  
introduce Mr. James as peculiarly adapted to  
the office.

"Remorse and other Tales" is in fact a  
reprint of "The Book of the Passions," pub-  
lished some years since by Longman & Co.,  
of London, and Carey & Lea, of Philadel-  
phia, in a very expensive manner. These  
stories are pleasing, gracefully told and full  
of interest, and the reader has now an op-  
portunity of purchasing them at one twen-  
tieth of their original cost.

A Pioneer; a huge fellow bearded like  
Esau, his head covered and his height pieced  
out—entirely a piece of supererogation, this  
latter—by a huge cap of skins; swinging in  
his clumsy hand a monster axe, that might  
do service as a trip-hammer, but would be no-  
where at all in a chopping-bout, now steps  
forth.

It is "Wau-nan-gee," a thorough back-  
woodsman, full of Indian horrors and frontier  
fights.

Room for the Captain! Although rather  
out of his element, a Naval officer must  
take command. Containing a proper admix-  
ture of ship and shore, love and gunpowder,  
Senoritas with eyes naturally black, and  
Senors with theirs blacked for the occasion;  
his little book will doubtless be a great favor-  
ite with those who may admire it.

While we are regretting that the smallness  
of our squad precludes the possibility of a  
martial band, the "rank and file," embodied  
in the person of "Harry Scapegrace," is  
upon us. A dashing, harebrained chap is  
Harry, educated we think in Mr. Cockton's  
school, and perhaps somewhat too wild; but  
(as some one says), "you can't expect all the  
Christian virtues for"—two shillings a copy.  
Take him by and large, however, Harry is  
rather an agreeable companion, a jolly dog,  
and fond of a hearty laugh.

We have now nothing left but the target;  
and sincerely as we regret it, this post of in-  
distinction falls to the lot of "Woodreeve  
Manor," an American fashionable novel, con-  
taining as many italicisms as one of Lady  
Lytton Bulwer's romances, and altogether  
too fine, lofty, and sublime; or to stick to the  
target, is held too high, painted too gaudily,  
and ornamented with too many gay ribbons  
and artificial flowers to suit our fancy.

Having reviewed our division, we will dis-  
miss the corps, dismount, and go soberly  
home to dinner.

*A Treatise on Metallurgy; comprising Min-  
ing, and general and particular Metallurgical  
Operations; with a description of Charcoal,  
Coke, and Anthracite Furnaces, blast machines,  
hot blast, forge hammers, rolling mills, &c., &c.*

By Frederiek Overman, author of a Treatise  
on Iron, &c., with 377 wood engravings.  
Appletons.—This work, the practical result of  
a considerable European and American expe-  
rience, was in course of preparation by the  
author, and nearly completed, when it was in-  
terrupted by his death, which occurred cha-  
racteristically in the course of his energetic  
pursuit of science, from the effects of arsenit-  
ed hydrogen, while conducting an experiment.  
Two thirds of the work were in type when this  
occurred in the commencement of the present  
year. A biographical tribute, in the preface  
to the volume, from the pen of a friend, John  
A. Roehling, speaks with enthusiasm of Over-  
man's pure devotion to science. He was a  
native of Germany, of humble parents, and his  
way through the world seems to have been  
gained by a process of self-development, which  
placed him constantly in the course of education  
and mental activity. He was a pupil of the  
Royal Polytechnic Institute at Berlin, the friend  
of artists and sculptors, and of Alexander  
Humboldt. He had been in the employ of the  
Austrian government as an engineer, when his  
democratic principles induced him to emigrate  
to this country in 1842. He soon identified  
himself with the material prosperity of this  
country, particularly by his treatise on Iron.  
The present work is a minute and comprehen-  
sive working manual of the various branches  
of its subject.

*United States Economist, Dry Goods Re-  
porter, Bank, Railroad, and Commercial Chroni-  
cle: a Weekly Journal devoted to Political  
Economy, Finance, Commerce, Manufactures,  
and Agriculture.* Kettell & Moore, Proprie-  
tors. T. P. Kettell, Editor. Published week-  
ly. Office 80 Broadway, New York.—Under  
this comprehensive title, in a neat and com-  
pact form, and having absorbed the popular  
weekly ("The Dry Goods Reporter") of Mr.  
Borroughs, we have before us the first five  
numbers of what promises to be—and will be  
—one of the most serviceable journals in the  
country. For the editorial we have ample gua-  
rantee in the distinguished talents in finance  
and political economy of the editor, Mr. Ket-  
tell; and in Mr. Moore, the publisher, we are  
sure of pith and energy, which will keep it in  
possession of the entire field to which it de-  
votes itself. Examination of a single number  
will show the comprehensive range and dili-  
gence with which this unique weekly disposes  
of topics of interest affecting all classes en-  
gaged in trade, commerce, and politico-econ-  
omical speculation.

*Ivar; or, the Skjuts-Boy: A Romance.* By  
Miss Carlen. From the Original Swedish, by  
Prof. A. L. Krause. Harper & Bros.—This  
new contribution from Northern Romance will  
hardly hold its place with the best works of  
Miss Bremer and Hans Christian Andersen.  
The issue of the plot is foreseen at a very early  
stage in the novel, the characters are not very  
strongly individualized, and the conversation  
is somewhat stiff. There are, however, several  
pleasant domestic scenes, and good descrip-  
tions of the romantic scenery of Sweden. One  
of the leading characters of the book, the he-  
roine's father, an old military officer of noble  
descent, in whose feelings a perpetual struggle  
is going on between family pride, the desire of  
making a display in his household, and the  
economical shifts imposed upon him by the  
narrowness of his income; his affection for his  
daughter, and his desire of securing a wealthy  
husband for her even at the sacrifice of her  
taste; is hit off with much humor and dramatic  
skill. The hero Ivar, the Skjuts or post-boy of  
the first chapter, who by his talents and energy  
soon secures position and fortune, is a fine  
manly character, and the entire tone of the  
book is elevated and healthful. The transla-  
tion, which is an original one, seems to be well  
executed.



*The Principles of Courtesy: with Hints and Observations on Manners and Habits.* By George Winfred Hervey. Harper & Bros.—Works on this subject have generally been confined to the merely worldly relations of society. The present volume takes a deeper and higher range, and is written from a religious point of view. It tells its readers how to behave in church as well as in the street, at a prayer-meeting as well as a party. It is shown how the great Christian principle of unselfishness lies beneath many if not all of the observances which are commonly regarded as mere conventional usages, and there is great good sense as well as piety in the author's remarks on the injury unwittingly done to religion by the austere and uncourteous bearing sometimes observed in sincerely good men. Clergymen need this hint as well as laymen, and the author does not fail to administer it to them. The work is an excellent one, and will command the reader's attention and respect from beginning to end.

*Romanism at Home—Letters to the Hon. Roger B. Taney.* By Kirwan. Harper & Bros.—The materials for this work were obtained by the author from personal observation in a tour through the Italian cities, undertaken for the purpose in 1851. It is designed to exhibit the various superstitious observances prevalent in Italy, particularly in Naples, and the truth of its representations will be sustained by every traveller in those regions.

It is also the author's object to exhibit the political bearings of the Roman Catholic system. The style of the work is spirited, and the author's satire is sharp and polished. Kirwan is likely to hold a permanent as well as prominent place among Protestant controversialists.

*A Manual of History of the United States, for the use of Schools.* By David B. Scott. New York: C. Shepard & Co.—This little volume is a condensed narrative History of the United States, in the form of question and answer. The questions, although in the body of the page, are so arranged in italics as not to interrupt the narrative, while the paragraph following contains a concise answer. There are also many useful Tables, Recapitulations, Indexes, &c., and the published approbation of many of the Principals of our Public Schools stamp its usefulness.

*Family Commentary on the Bible, from Henry and Scott.* Parts 3-12. Martin.—The merits of these standard books of clerical and family use are well known. This edition, the same with that issued by the London Religious Tract Society, is highly convenient in form, a small 4to. and is brought by the omission of the text, which is reasonably supposed to be always accessible, within a moderate price as to cost. A plate is given with each number, illustrating some actual scene or group of the sacred narrative. In the present edition this work should meet with a liberal encouragement from this community.

*A Treatise on a Box of Instruments, and the Slide-Rule for the Use of Gaugers, Engineers, Seamen, and Students.* By Thomas Kentish. Phila.: Baird.—A valuable manual, full in detail and practice, drawing out the capabilities and uses, for the pupil, of the half understood box of instruments. "It is impossible," promises the author, "to go five or six times through the present work, which, after the first, may be done in a very few days, without being as familiar with the Surfaces and Solids, and with Trigonometry and Navigation as with the multiplication table."

#### NEW MUSIC.

We have before us several new songs published by WM. HALL & SON. "The Reaper on the Plain," "The Time of the Heart," and "They

Sleep in the Dust." The music of these is by Mr. Geo. F. Root,—the melodies are flowing and simple without being monotonous, and the words are well selected for parlor ballads—with moral sentiment and freedom from the love-sick nonsense so generally found in the popular ballads of the day.

The same publishers have also sent us "Erin weeps Forsaken," words by Wordsworth, music by J. G. Maeder. This beautiful ballad was sung by Mrs. Emma Gillingham Bostwick at several of her late soirées, and has already become a great favorite.

"Sleep, light gently on thy Breast," ballad dedicated to Mlle. Parodi—words by Noble Butler—and "Another Polka," by Strakosch—the latter piece is already widely known by having been frequently played in public, and the former is a very beautiful song and worthy the high reputation of the composer.

A pleasant face, cheerful rooms, good light, and gentle courtesy, should put one in a good frame for a Daguerreotype, and with all these helps Mr. BAKER in Broadway—not far from White street—has just opened to the public. As a young beginner, who has a good background of practice and experience, the public will well bestow their encouragement in that quarter, and will find themselves living again as they and their friends would like to see them.

#### ROYAL SOCIETY OF NORTHERN ANTIQUARIES.

[By the Correspondent of the Morning Chronicle, with supplement and emendations from the official Report of the Society. Communicated to the Literary World.]

COPENHAGEN, February 26.—Last evening a highly interesting meeting was held here. The Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries of Copenhagen held its general anniversary in the Palace Christiansborg; its President, His Majesty Frederick VII., King of Denmark, in the chair. After the usual routine business had been transacted, the Secretary of the Society, Professor Charles C. Rafn,\* laid before the meeting a statement of fourteen papers fixed for publication in the forthcoming Archaeological journals of the Institute, and announced that the second volume of the magnificent and valuable "*Antiquités Russes et Orientales*,"† which he is publishing under the auspices of the Society, was nearly ready, as well as fourteen large plates of illustrations to the same. In connexion with this subject he showed fac-simile copies of four Icelandic planispheres, or maps of the world from the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, to be included in this volume, and read explanatory remarks on the cosmographical and geographical knowledge of the old Scandinavians and their astronomical observations in the Holy Land and several parts of America connected therewith, showing that they were comparatively familiar with the main of North America centuries before the time of Columbus. He also gave the welcome intelligence that the Arnarnagenean Committee would soon be able to publish the second volume of its new and critical edition of "Snorre Sturlason's, or the Younger Edda," and that it was preparing a "Diplomatarium Islandicum."

To supply the deficiency, which must be felt by every lover of the ancient history of the British Islands, the Society, at the proposal of the Managing Committee, embraced the resolution of publishing a critical edition of the Orkneyinga Saga, or the history of the Orkney and Shetlands Isles from A.D. 865

\* The author of the "*Antiquitates Americane*."  
† D'après les Monuments Historiques des Islandais et des anciens Scandinaves.

to 1231, in the Old Northern or Icelandic text, with a correct English translation; also an edition of other British and Irish antiquities, from records contained in Old Northern MSS.

His Majesty, the King, then communicated a detailed account, illustrated by large plans, &c., of the excavations which he had caused to be made, of the ruins of the famous middle-age castles of Söborg and Adserbo, in the north of Sjælland; and the Vice-President, Prof. C. T. Wegener, read antiquarian papers on their former history.

Next followed the exhibition of three remarkable finds. The discoveries were sent by the Society's Committee of Antiquities, and may be called a workshop or quarry of tools and weapons from the Stone Age; they consisted of some hundreds of pieces, in various stages of perfection, from the rough flint to the finished and delicate arrow-head, the whole found at one spot in the Island of Anholt in the Cattegat, and offering remarkable proofs of the native industry of the heathen work-people in this branch upwards of three thousand years ago. The zealous archaeologist, Herr Thomsen, gave *vis à voce* explanations of the principal forms. The second was laid before the meeting by His Majesty himself; it was a paddle-oar of oak (held by both hands in the centre), of the kind still used by the Esquimaux of America in their kajaks. It was found near Sæby in Jutland, six feet deep in a turf-moss, and doubtless belongs to the earliest heathen race of this country. The third was also exhibited by his Majesty, and was indeed a noble treat for your correspondent, in his capacity of antiquarian dilettante. He only wished some members of our own Society of Antiquarians had been present to share the pleasure. It may be termed a workshop, or smithy, of bronze arms and tools from the later heathen period, found lately at Smörmövve in Sjælland, all in one spot, and in high preservation. The number of pieces was upwards of 160, from the largest spear-heads to the smallest kelt, many of them of exquisite workmanship, especially one sword hilt, worthy to be grasped by the most patrician hand. His Majesty, who was evidently delighted at having acquired so noble a treasure, showed and explained the various pieces with the utmost kindness and affability, answering most fully every question put to him by the more inquisitive members. He particularly pointed out the decisive proof hereby afforded of the manufacture of bronze weapons in Denmark itself, for many of them had the mould marks still unfilled off, and a piece of casting metal lay among the rest! That bronze moulds have been before discovered in this country our readers are aware. The Museum of Northern Antiquities had in the past year an accession of 148 donations and acquisitions, comprising in all 761 numbers.

The meeting unanimously agreed to the proposition of the Secretary, that the Society should proceed to the publication of the Rev. Sveinbjörn Egilsson's large and invaluable Lexicon of the Old Northern poetic dialect, as preserved in the Eddas and Sagas, a work which will create an epoch in northern archaeology. It will also publish, as soon as possible, three popular pocket dictionaries of the Old Northern language; namely, Old Northern and Danish, Old Northern and Swedish, and Old Northern and English.

Two Fellows and Founders were elected

by acclamation in the course of the evening—his Majesty Victor Emanuel, King of Sardinia, and his Royal Highness Prince Albert, Prince-Consort of the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland—the latter proposed by his Grace the Duke of Sutherland. Every Englishman will be proud of the step thus taken by his Royal Highness in allowing himself to be nominated, for it is high time that England took its full share in the labors of this excellent Society, whose objects are in common to us and the other Northern races, and it cannot do so under higher and better auspices than of the accomplished prince and gentleman whose name is indissolubly associated with letters and art, with improved dwellings for the poor, and with the glories and triumphs of the Crystal Palace. As new Fellows and Founders were also elected, in *Europe*—Prof. Jes N. Schmidt in Slesvig, and Thomas Tobin, Esq., J.P., Ballincollig in Ireland; and in *America*—Vilhelm Finsen, Esq., Sheriff of Kios and Gullbringa in Iceland; James Lenox, Esq., in New York; Charles Michelsen, Esq., Consul-General of Denmark in Bogotá; Mgr. José de Mosquera, Archbishop of New Granada; General de Mosquera in Panama; General Daniel J. O'Leary, Brit. Chargé d'Affaires in Bogotá, and Christen Willemoes, Esq., Sheriff of Myrar, and Hnappadal in Iceland.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## MR. HUDSON'S EDITION OF SHAKSPEARE.

To the Editors of the Literary World:

GENTLEMEN:—The following communication appeared in the Boston Courier, of the 14th inst. As it purports to be from your city, and claims to represent in some sort the public sentiment touching the matter in hand, it seems but fair that both the accuser and the accused should have a hearing there:—

Boston, May 15, 1852.

[“For the Boston Courier.”]

## “HAS MR. HUDSON CORRUPTED SHAKSPEARE?”

“Mr. Editor,—Through the recommendations of the Boston press, I have been induced to purchase the first volume of the works of Shakspeare, published in your city, under the superintendence of the Rev. Mr. Hudson. I read the first play in this volume, *The Tempest*, until I came to a passage which led me to postpone my reading, in this edition, for the present. The passage may be found in the first scene of the fourth act. It is as follows:—

“*Fer.—* Let me live here ever;  
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wise  
Makes this place paradise.”

“In all other editions of Shakspeare the passage is entirely different, as may be seen by reference to them—

“*Fer.—* Let me live here ever;  
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife  
Makes this place paradise.”

“Here, said I, we have in Hudson's edition, either one corruption of the original text, or two typographical blunders. In either case, the volume is unfit for publication; and, as Mr. Hudson presents this first volume as a specimen of all the rest, if each play in each volume contains an equally great deviation from the true reading, the work is unfit for public patronage. Mr. Hudson is ever ready to find fault with preceding editions and commentators thereon; he will doubtless be able to make the proper explanations and vindicate himself.

“In looking over the critical remarks in this volume, I find them to be nothing more nor less than the old observations which Mr. Hud-

son has already twice given to the public; first, in the shape of lectures from the desk, and again in the form of two printed volumes. They are the criticisms of Schlegel, Ulrici, Tieck, Hazlitt, Coleridge, and Lamb, served up to American readers, in a dish of Hudsonism. This matter is very well understood here. I hope you will pardon me, when I venture to say there can be furnished no better proof of the general unacquaintance with Shakspearian literature and criticism, in the Northeastern section of our country, than the facility and triumphant success with which Mr. Hudson has been enabled, three times, and in three different forms, to palm off the ideas of these great European critics as his own. But I shall not pursue that topic; my present inquiry is directed to a more important point.

“Your candor, sir, will not, I trust, permit you to withhold this communication from those who are interested in correct editions of the great dramatist.

“A READER OF SHAKSPEARE AND THE COURIER.  
“New York City.”

The writer of the above correctly states the reading of the passage in question, as it stands in “Hudson's edition” of Shakspeare; but is somewhat out of his reckoning when he adds,—“In all other editions of Shakspeare the passage is entirely different, as may be seen by reference to them.” In the first known edition of *The Tempest*, which is the folio of 1623, the passage reads thus, *literatim et punctuatim*:—

“Let me live here ever,  
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wise  
Makes this place Paradise.”

And in all the old reprints of the first folio it stands the same. Of late editions, Mr. Collier's, Mr. Verplanck's, and Mr. Halliwell's, all restore the original reading, giving the passage thus:—

“Let me live here ever;  
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wise,  
Makes this place Paradise.”

Mr. Collier accompanies the passage with the following note:—

“This is the reading of every old copy, from which modern editors have varied, without notice, by printing *wife* for ‘wise,’ and *make* for ‘makes.’ It needs no proof that ‘So rare a wonder'd father, and a wise,’ was the phraseology of Shakspeare's time. I owe the suggestion of this restoration to the Rev. Mr. Barry.”

So that the reading, which the writer of the above article undertakes to snap me for not giving, is simply the more common one; and is not found “in all other editions,” as the critic himself would have known, had he been as careful to look as he was forward to bite. After what has been said, I may as well leave it to you and your readers to judge whether, in this case, the more common reading is altogether certain to continue so.

Now, if, as this writer affirms, I were “ever ready to find fault with preceding editions and commentators thereon,” I could scarce have done better than to make the passage in hand an occasion of fault-finding. For here we have an apt instance (and there are many other such), wherein “preceding editions” have departed from the only authorized reading, to the manifest injury of the passage; which of course involves the double fault of unfaithfulness to the author, and of bad taste or bad judgment in the alteration. For I must needs question, or rather set aside without staying to question, the taste, or the judgment, or both, which should prefer the more common reading to

the original and true one, even supposing them both to have equal authority. For the passage is spoken by Ferdinand just after Prospero has bestowed upon the eyes of the young couple a grand display of his magical and mysterious powers; and when the speaker is rapt with wonder, as he well may be, at the “most majestic vision,” and at the “so potent art” of the wise and good magician. An intelligent sense of dramatic propriety will readily perceive how fitting it was that at such a moment the prince's mind should be too full of the wonderful man who stands before him, to bestow any part of his short speech on the angelic creature that is to be his wife: not to mention the subtle logic and condensed thought of the Poet in thus implying the wife in the term father. All which, to be sure, would nowise justify a departure from the original text, if this read *wife* instead of *wise*; but it may well be thought to justify a return to the true reading, notwithstanding the other has become so common.

I have not been able, nor perhaps were it worth the while, to trace the change in question to its source; and I am very far from supposing that it has had the concurring judgment of all the editors who have admitted it. As it was at first made silently, it has doubtless been repeated by one editor after another ignorantly; and so has passed through the hands of many who would have rectified the error, if they had detected it. As an instance in point, I may mention that in *The Taming of the Shrew*, Act iv., scene iii., vol. iii., page 477, of “Hudson's edition,” Reed's Shakspeare, which was issued in 1803, left out the entire verse,—

“Nor never needed that I should entreat.”

There the omission was probably by mistake, and it has been repeated in, I believe, every edition issued since, until Mr. Knight's; and I will venture to say that Mr. Verplanck's is the only edition ever printed in this country, except “Hudson's,” wherein that verse is to be found. Which merely shows, that the later editors have taken Reed's text as their basis, and have not collated the original so carefully as to detect the omission.

As to the other parts of the merry and amiable communication given above, I do not feel called upon to notice them much. Nor should I have noticed this, but for an apprehension that some who do not know me might gather from the confident tone of the writer, that instead of going back to the genuine text of the great Poet, as I had promised to do, I was but throwing out the emendations of former editors, to make room for others of my own. I will but add, it is to be presumed that few of your readers are so unthoughtful, as to yield much respect to the opinions of one who takes so large a liberty in his statements of fact.

H. N. HUDSON.

## BON GUALTIER AND THE “NAPOLEON BALLADS.”

MR. PUTNAM, the publisher, has addressed us the following note in reference to an expression of surprise in our columns, that a little work republished by him, a squib on Louis Napoleon, should bear the American addition on the title page, “By Bon Gualtier.” We publish his note with pleasure for its honorable anxiety to avoid the suspicion of what could not but be considered at least a literary impropriety. Mr. Bogue, the London



cially from foreign languages, are utterly defaced and extinguished."

Enough, certainly, to set this absurdity at rest. It is often said, such is the knavery of the world, that it requires more wit to keep a fortune than to make one. It is pretty much the same, nowadays, with any small modicum of learning or education a man may acquire with great labor and diligence in his youth. He has no sooner attained it than some quack or pretender is after him to rob him of his vocables, pick his understanding of its deeply cherished ideas, and, for some vulgar street alteration, pull down the fine marble structure of his language in jar and dissonance about his ears.

#### MADAME PFEIFFER'S ICELAND.\*

A JOURNEY TO ICELAND certainly presents even in these times of ubiquitous travel the charm of novelty; and to this we are mainly indebted for Madame Pfeiffer's visit to its shores in 1845. Passing over her account of her transit from Vienna to Copenhagen, we find her on the fourth of May embarking at that city "in the fine brig Johannes." The distance in a direct line is thirteen hundred and fifty miles. The voyage terminated on the fifteenth at Havenfiord. This is a small village, although one of the chief commercial posts of the island. Madame Pfeiffer, after a look about her, starts the same afternoon on a pony, with an old woman of seventy for a guide, for the capital, Reikjavick, distant some nine miles:—

#### REIKJAVICK.

"This little town can hardly boast of five hundred inhabitants, and consists of a single broad street, where the isolated houses and cottages are scattered about.

"The dwellings of the rich are of wood, and built entirely on the ground-floor, with the exception of a single edifice, to which the high school now kept at Bassestadt is to be removed next year; this has an upper story. The Stiftsamtman occupies a stone house, which was originally intended for a prison; but crimes are of such rare occurrence in Iceland that it was converted many years ago into a residence for this officer of the crown. Another stone house can be seen from Reikjavick; it is the seat of the bishop, which lies surrounded by meadows, near the sea, at Laugarnes, about half a mile from the town.

"The church is barely large enough to hold a hundred or a hundred and fifty persons; it is of stone, with a wooden roof, under which is kept a library containing several thousand volumes. This church possesses a treasure which might well be envied by others of greater size and pretensions; a font by Thorwaldsen, whose parents were natives of Iceland; and although born himself in Denmark, he seems to have been desirous to honor the land of his forefathers.

"Some of the houses in Reikjavick have gardens attached to them; by which is to be understood a small spot, where, with incredible pains and expense, potatoes, parsley, spinach, salad, and several varieties of turnip are raised. Between the beds are grass walks, about a foot wide, where a few wild flowers are sometimes made to grow."

There do not appear to be any hotels in Iceland. Madame Pfeiffer had been commended by a friend in Copenhagen, who accompanied her to Iceland on a mercantile journey, to the house of one of his tenants,

by whom she was well received and entertained. Her experience of the hospitality of the towns-people was unfavorable:—

"Mr. Von H—— returned my call after five or six days, and invited me at the same time to accompany him on a ride to Vatne. I eagerly availed myself of his politeness, and felt ashamed of having judged him so hastily; his good wife, however, did not find her way to me till I had been four weeks in Reikjavick, although we were opposite neighbors; as she did not ask me to come and see her again, of course I never went; and thus our acquaintance came to a close for ever. The minor functionaries all trod dutifully in the steps of their superior, and I did not receive any visits or invitations, although I frequently heard of the parties of pleasure, dinners, and evening entertainments which were going on in the place. If I had not known how to occupy myself more profitably, time would have hung very heavily upon my hands. It never seemed to occur to any of these ladies that I was a stranger, alone, and entirely debarred from all educated society. Of course, being no longer young, I felt I had no claims to the attentions of the gentlemen, and the privation did not cost me much regret. If the women were wanting in consideration, I could not expect to find it in the men.

"I pondered on the cause of this behavior, till I discovered its social spring in the selfishness, which is a striking characteristic of the people. As soon as I arrived in Reikjavick, diligent inquiries were made from all quarters, if I were rich, if I should entertain much company, and if there were anything to be gained by waiting upon me. Persons of large fortune, or great naturalists, are the only travellers who have a chance of being well received in Iceland. The last being generally sent by some of the European courts, are in the habit of making extensive collections of minerals, birds, &c.; and they come well provided with presents, some of them very valuable, for the officials who lend them any assistance. They give balls and entertainments, buy everything which is offered, and always travel in large companies, with a great deal of baggage, requiring a vast number of horses, which animals are not to be borrowed in Iceland; they must always be bought. On such occasions every man in the island is a dealer in horses or specimens.

"The French frigate which pays a yearly visit to Iceland is the most welcome of all guests; a great many breakfasts, dinners, evening parties, and even balls are given on board, and handsome presents are freely distributed; the Stiftsamtman alone receiving six hundred florins every year from the French government, as a compensation for a few return civilities to the naval officers. But with me the case was entirely different; I brought no presents, and gave no parties; there was nothing to expect from me, and consequently every one drew back."

The traveller accomplished all her journeys about the island on horseback:—

"The roads are wonderfully good in summer; I generally rode over them very fast. They are not suitable for any conveyance on wheels, however, being too narrow, and in spots too rough. There is not a single carriage in the island. The most dangerous parts of the roads are in the morasses and in the lava fields, particularly when the latter are covered with white moss, that often serves to conceal the fearful pits into which the horses frequently tread unawares; there are also many treacherous places in going up and down the hills. All trace of the road is sometimes lost in the swamps, and I was often amazed at the facility with which the guides

would track it out; they seemed, as well as their horses, to be endowed with a peculiar instinct on such occasions.

"Journeys in Iceland are more expensive than elsewhere; because, in the first place, the traveller is generally alone, and the whole cost of the guide, the baggage, the ferrriage, &c., falls on a single person. Every horse which is needed must be bought, as it is impossible to hire them; they are cheap, however, the price of a pack-horse being from eighteen to twenty florins, and a saddle-horse forty to fifty. The horses cannot carry a heavy weight, and therefore those who wish to travel with any degree of comfort must have several pack-horses, as well as an additional groom to attend to them, as the guide will only undertake the charge of the saddle-horses and a couple of pack-horses at the most. If you wish to sell your horses at the end of a journey, you must almost give them away, as no one will offer any but the lowest price for them, which proves that men know how to look after their own interests all over the world. The people are aware that the animals must be left behind, and therefore they are careful not to bid too high for them. I must confess that in this respect I found the character of the Icelanders far below my expectations, and still further below the account of them I had read in books."

A curious custom, more thrifty than hospitable or reverential, prevails in the rural districts, of accommodating travellers for the night in the village church, which seems also to be used as a sort of general storehouse:—

"The churches in this country are not merely reserved for religious purposes; they are also used to store away the provisions, tools, and clothing; and are generally appropriated as night-quarters for the traveller. I doubt if so great a desecration of a sacred building would be permitted even among the most uncivilized nations. It is true that I was assured the practice was about to be forbidden; but it ought never to have been allowed, and I am by no means certain that it will be discontinued in future, for wherever I went the church was always at my service at night, and I was sure to find it half full of fish, tallow, and every other ill-savored thing.

"The church at Krisuvick is twenty-two feet long, and ten feet wide; and it was very far from being in a condition to accommodate me on my arrival; but saddles, stockings, dresses, hats, and implements of every description were hastily thrown into a corner; blankets were produced, with two or three beautiful soft pillows, and my bed was made on the chest which contained the priestly garments and altar cloths.

"My night's rest was not very refreshing, for besides that there is something rather dismal in the idea of finding one's self entirely alone in a church, in the midst of a burying-ground, at midnight; there also arose a terrific storm about that hour, which shook the wooden walls around me, till they creaked as if they were about to be torn from their fastenings. The cold, too, was enough to keep me awake; the thermometer only showing 2° of heat inside of the church. In short, I was heartily thankful when it was morning, and the hour had arrived for continuing my journey.

"Stad is the residence of a priest; and notwithstanding the assertions of my guide, I found it a much prettier and more attractive place than Grundvick. While our horses were resting, I received a visit from the priest, who conducted me, not as I had expected, to his own house, but to the church, where, stools

\* A Journey to Iceland, and Travels in Sweden and Norway—translated from the German of Ida Pfeiffer, by Charlotte Fenimore Cooper. G. P. Putnam.

and chairs having been provided, he introduced me to his wife and children, and regaled me with coffee, butter, cheese, &c. The wardrobe of himself and family was thrown across the chancel-rails, and was in no ways to be distinguished from that of the surrounding peasantry."

From many good descriptive passages, we select the following as affording a general view of Icelandic scenery—

"After a halt of hours, we continued our ride through the lava fields till nine o'clock, when we reached a table-land, from the further end of which we could see Reikholt, or Reikiadal, lying at our feet in a broad valley three or four miles long, shut in by a range of hills, among which glistened several jokuls (glaciers) in their icy covering.

"The wild and sublime scenery of Iceland never appears to greater advantage than at the hour of sunset, when a peculiar magic light is shed over the wide valleys strewn with lava, without a tree or a bush, and hemmed in by dark mountains, whose summits glitter in the last rays of the departing sun; the jokuls are veiled by a shade of delicate rose, while the deepest shadows gather around the lower part of the hills, in striking contrast to the plains, over which floats a purple haze, imparting to them the appearance of a dark sheet of water. The silence, the perfect solitude, are still more impressive. Not a sound is heard, not a living creature is in sight, nor a village, a single cottage, a tree, or a shrub. The whole landscape is absolutely devoid of every sign of life; and as the eye wanders over the boundless and monotonous scene, it seeks in vain for any object of familiar interest on which to rest.

"As we reached the extremity of the table-land this evening about eleven o'clock, I saw a sunset which I can never forget. The hills, the valleys, and the glaciers were lighted up by a brilliant red; I could not remove my eyes from the glowing mountains, although the view at my feet had many claims to my attention and admiration.

"The whole long valley was almost entirely covered with meadows, and at its extreme end columns of smoke were seen to arise from the boiling springs. The atmosphere was so clear and pure, so much more transparent than I have ever seen it in any other country, that the light seemed to be very little diminished by the disappearance of the sun, and I observed that the smallest objects were distinctly visible on the plain, a circumstance which was very favorable to our progress, for the road was full of danger, leading as it did abruptly down over the stones and rocks into the valley below. A small stream on one side of us formed several pretty falls, some of which were thirty feet high."

Hecla was, of course, one of the main points of interest to Madame Pfeiffer, and so old and resolute a traveller, we may be assured, did not fail to make a thorough exploration of its wonders. We select a portion of the account of her visit:—

"The valley in which lie Salsun and Hecla contains the most conspicuous contrasts, and offers one of those pictures which are only to be seen in Iceland. On one hand are beautiful fields spread with herbage of a velvet green; and on the other, hills of black and shining lava. The meadows are traversed by lava-streams and patches of sand. Hecla is known to pour forth the blackest lava and the blackest sand; and as everything we now saw had flowed from that one source, it is easy to imagine how singular must have been the effect. A single hill to the left was of a shade of brown, and entirely covered with sand and lava of the same color; it is very

much sunken in at the centre, and seems to have been once a mighty crater.

"Hecla itself is inclosed in a circle of lava-hills, and towers high above them all. It is surrounded by several glaciers, whose dazzling snow-fields extend to a great distance, and have never been trod by a human foot. Several of the side-walls are also covered with snow. On the left of the valley near Salsun, and at the foot of a hill, is a pretty lake, on whose shores reposed a flock of sheep. Not far from thence is a fine hill perfectly solitary and severed from the rest, as if it were banished and discarded by its neighbors. The whole of this landscape is completely Icelandic, and so peculiar and striking that it will be impressed for ever upon my recollection.

"It was a beautiful warm morning, and we galloped gaily over the meadows and the adjacent sand plains. This fine weather was considered a very favorable omen by my guide, who told me that Mr. Geismard, the French naturalist already mentioned, had been delayed three days by a storm before he could ascend the mountain; this was nine years ago, and no one had made the attempt since that time. A Danish prince who travelled through Iceland a few years since, had been here indeed, but for some unexplained reason he had left the place without undertaking to visit Hecla.

"The road led at first, as I have already said, through rich fields, and then across the patches of black sand which are surrounded on all sides by streams, hills, and hillocks of lava, whose fearful masses gradually approach each other, and frequently afford no other passage than a narrow defile, where we scrambled over the blocks and piles with scarcely a spot to rest our feet. The lava rolled around and behind us, and it was necessary to be constantly on the watch to prevent ourselves from stumbling, or to avoid coming in contact with the rolling rocks. But the danger was even greater in the gorges filled with snow already softened by the heat of the season; where we frequently broke through, or what was worse, slid backwards at every step almost as far as we had advanced. I do not believe there is another mountain in the world whose ascent offers as many difficulties as this one.

"After a toilsome struggle of three hours and a half we reached the place where it became necessary to leave the horses behind; which I should have done long before, as I felt compassion for the poor animals, if my Hecla guide would have allowed it; but he maintained that there were still spots where we might need them, and advised me, moreover, to ride as long as possible in order to reserve my strength for what was still before me. And he was right; I hardly think I could have completed the whole distance on foot; for when I thought I had attained the last peak, I still found streams and hillocks between me and my goal, which seemed constantly more remote than ever. My guide assured me that he had never led any one so far on horseback, and I readily believe it. The walking was already horrible—but to ride was fearful!

"From every height new scenes of the most melancholy desolation appeared in sight; the whole prospect was rigid and inanimate, and burnt, black lava was spread around us wherever we looked. It was not without a painful sensation that I gazed about me, and saw nothing but the immeasurable chaos of this stony desert.

"We had still three heights to climb; they were the last, but also the most perilous. The road led abruptly over the rocks by which the whole summit of the mountain was covered; I had more falls than I could count, and frequently tore my hands on the sharp points of lava. It was, to be sure, a terrible expedition.

"The dazzling whiteness of the snow was almost blinding, contrasted with the shining black lava alongside of it. When I had to cross a field of snow I did not venture to look at the lava, for I had tried it once and could hardly see in consequence. I was snow blind.

"At last the summit was attained, after two more hours of laborious climbing, and I stood upon the highest peak of Hecla; but I looked in vain for a crater—there was no trace of any to be found; at which I was all the more astonished, as I had read minute accounts of it in several books of travels.

"I walked around the whole summit of the mountain, and clambered to the jokul which lies next to it, but still I saw no opening or crevice, no sunken wall, or any sign whatever, in fact, of a crater. Much lower down on the sides of the mountain I found some wide rents and chinks, from whence the streams of lava must have flowed. The height of this mountain is said to be 4,300 feet.

"The sun had been obscured during the last hour of our ascent, and thick clouds now rushed down upon us from the neighboring glaciers, which concealed the whole prospect from our sight, and prevented our distinguishing anything for more than ten paces before us. After awhile they dissolved, fortunately not in rain, but in snow, which soon covered the dark, crisp lava with large and innumerable flakes; they did not melt, and the thermometer showed 1° of cold.

"Gradually the clear and inimitable blue of the heavens reappeared, and the sun once more rejoiced us with his presence. I remained on the top of the mountain till the clouds had opened in the distance and afforded a welcome and extensive view, which I fear my pen is much too feeble to describe. I despair of conveying to my readers a distinct idea of the immense waste which lay displayed before me, with its accumulated masses of lava, and its peculiar appearance of lifeless desolation. I seemed to stand in the midst of an exhausted fire. The blocks were piled in heaps above each other, till they formed high hills; the valleys were choked by vast streams of rock, whose length and breadth I was not able to distinguish, although the course of the last eruption could be plainly traced among them.

"I was surrounded by the most dreadful ravines, caves, streams, hills, and valleys; I could hardly understand how I had reached this point, and was seized with a feeling of horror at the thought which forced itself upon me, that perhaps I might never be able to find my way out of this terrible labyrinth of ruin.

"Here, on the highest peak of Hecla, I look down far and wide upon the uninhabited land—the image of a torpid nature, passionless, inanimate—and yet sublime; an image which once seen can never be forgotten, and the remembrance of which will prove an ample compensation for all the toils and difficulties I had endured. A whole world of glaciers, mountains of lava, fields of snow and ice, rivers and miniature lakes, were included in that magnificent prospect; and the foot of man had never yet ventured within those regions of gloom and solitude. What must have been the fury of the resistless element which has produced all these effects! And is its rage now silenced for ever—will it be satisfied with the ruin it has worked—or does it only slumber like the hundred-headed Hydra, to burst forth anew with redoubled strength, and lay waste those few cultivated spots which are already scattered so sparingly throughout the land? I thank my God that he has allowed me to see this chaos of his creation; and I doubly thank Him that my lot was cast in those fair plains where the sun does more than divide the day from the night; where it warms



publisher, it seems, is the authority for the alleged authorship. But why is Bon Gualtier not mentioned on the English title page? The work itself is decidedly inferior in conception, rhythm, and illustration, to that author's always clever productions—for though we may condemn the *Colt Ballads*, as we did the other day in noticing them, they do not disprove the high ability of the author. We must still think that there is an explanation to be made of this matter which will relieve Bon Gualtier of the imputation of this puerile performance.—*Eds. Lit. World.*

To the Editors of the Literary World.

GENTLEMEN—In your notice of "*Napoleon Ballads*," "hurriedly (!) reprinted by Putnam," you say that the thing is upon the whole poorly done by some "prentice hand with nothing to justify the American addition to the title-page," by Bon Gualtier.

Your judgment that the "thing" is "poor," I do not presume to question; but I must beg leave to protest, with some little indignation, against your insinuation—nay—assertion that, "by Bon Gualtier" is an unwarrantable "American addition to the title-page."

Proofsheets of this little burlesque, from the London publisher, Mr. Bogue, were purchased by me at a price equal to about half the profit of the edition, simply because the words "by Bon Gualtier" were written in the title-page in the hand of Mr. Bogue himself; and to this day I have had no other intimation than your incredulity that the "thing" is not written by the person in question.

That gentleman, you remark, "never condescends to be vulgar in bad verse." On this score perhaps there might be some difference of opinion, as to whether "*The Snapping Turtle*" and "*Jabez Dollar*" are any less remarkable than the most "vulgar" of the *Napoleon Parodies*.

However, it is for the critic not the publisher to give judgment on this part of the case. I have simply to repeat that never yet have I been guilty of the impertinence which you charged upon me—and I trust I never shall be. Until that most desirable consummation, an international arrangement, is effected, the least that should be expected of American or English reprints is, that they should be faithfully re-produced without mutilation or addition. In this little pamphlet a few of the English wood cuts were omitted simply because they were not worth copying; but not a word has been added to the copy as received from the English publisher: and I trust you will not again believe me capable of so petty a trick.

Respectfully yours,

G. P. PUTNAM.

10 Park Place. May 21.

WHAT WAS THE DATE OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY'S DEATH?

TORONTO, 11th May, 1852.

To the Editors of the Literary World,  
New York:

HAVING had occasion lately to look for the date of Sir Philip Sidney's death, I consulted several books with that view, and was astonished to find that hardly two fixed the same date for that event. Considering his celebrity, this is very strange, and may be classed as one of the curiosities of literature. All agree with regard to year and month, but as to the day of the month there are great discrepancies.

National Cyclopædia says	October 7th, 1586.
Knight's Cab Portrait Gal.	" 15th, "
Mauder's Biographical Treas.	" 16th, "
Biographie Universelle,	" 17th, "
Lodge's Portrait,	" 19th, "
Chamber's Cyclopædia of Eng- lish Literature,	" 19th, "

My object in writing to you is to see if you or any of your readers could determine which is the true date. It is likely that some confusion arises from the difference between old and new styles of reckoning.

I am, Sir,

Yours respectfully,

JOHN YOUNG.

NOTE BY EDS. Further references seem to add to this perplexity. Sir Egerton Brydges, excellent authority, supplies two dates in his careful prefaces and supplements to his admirable edition of Lord Brooke's *Life of Sidney*. In a genealogical table prefixed, he has Oct. 16. In his Appendix of the family history, "copied from an early edition of Collins's *Peerage*, edited in 1735," it is Oct. 15. Zouch, in his amiable picture of Sydney's life, fixes his death on the 17th, with some particularity—"Having affixed a codicil to his will on the 17th day of October, the day on which he died, he called for music," &c. Pears, in his Essay on "the *Life and Times of Sir Philip Sidney*," prefixed to the Correspondence with Hubert Langreath, leaves the special date undetermined. Lord Brooke, "the friend of Sir Philip Sydney," in his narrative gives no date, but speaks of the event as occurring "after the sixteenth day was past," making a further allusion to "one morning" subsequently. The battle of Zutphen, to which this refers, took place on the 22d of September. Lord Brooke speaks of his "calling for his will" as one of the acts of his last day. It would, therefore, appear that the date of the codicil must determine the matter, and on the authority of Zouch we may set this down for the 17th. Lodge notices the interruption of this instrument by death. The codicil ends with these words—"I give to my good friends, Sir George Digby and Sir Henry Goodier, each a ring of —." There all ended.

Thus far the resources of our own book-shelves. Dr. Cogswell, from the noble collection of the Astor Library, kindly supplies us with the following additional references, which confirm the date we have given. "With respect to Sir Philip Sidney, Holinshed, who is very good authority says, page 1552—'of which hurt notwithstanding he lived (though in great paine and in extreame torment) six and twentie daies following, and died the seaventeenth daie of October, between two and three of the clocke in the afternoon at Arnem, in Gelverland.' His monumental inscription says the 16th, which is no authority, as it was made long after his death. The date of the codicil (the 17th) is to be trusted, I think, otherwise it would hardly be possible to fix it, as he died from home. The Biogr. Brit. is positive, and gives good reasons for adopting the 17th. The will and codicil are in Collins's edition of Sir Henry Sidney's *Letters and Memorials of State*."

MR. WEBSTER AND DANIEL DE FOE.

MESSRS. EDITORS:—In Mr. Webster's late address before the New York Historical Society, there occurs the following passage:—

"No one doubts, until he is informed of the contrary, that the historian of the plague of London actually saw all that he described, although *De Foe* was not born till afterwards."

In the March number of the *Eclectic Magazine*, for 1852, there is an article taken from the *Eclectic Review*, England, on *De Foe*, in which this passage occurs:—

"To go no farther back in his pedigree, his father was a butcher in Cripplegate, where *Daniel* was born in 1661."

The date of the plague is 1665. It continued until some time in 1666. So, *De Foe* must have been four and may have been five, nearly six years old, at its close.

Again:—

"Of his early years, we know little. They were overshadowed, we know, by one cloud—the Great Plague. *He was in London all the while it raged*; his father judging that his family was as safe there as anywhere else, if it were God's pleasure they should be preserved. *The scenes he then saw*, and constantly heard of, remained, though he was very young at the time, indelibly impressed upon his mind, but he did not write about them till many years after."

The article was suggested to the author, by a copy of the "*Memoirs of the Life and Times of Daniel De Foe*." Is it not probable, that with this work before him, the reviewer is right and Mr. Webster wrong? And yet, it is difficult to suppose, that one so remarkable for accuracy as the latter could fall into so palpable an error.

If Mr. Webster is mistaken, his remarks involve an unjust criticism on *De Foe's* great work, "*Memoirs of the Plague*." He represents the work as fictitious, when it is really historical. Will you or some of your correspondents tell us where the truth lies?

ALABAMA.

"Alabama" is not the first believer in the authenticity of *De Foe's* historical picture of the Great Plague. Dr. Richard Mead, the fellow student of Boerhave, quoted it as authority in his *Discourse on Pestilential Contagion*. It is remarked that every incident introduced is amply supported by contemporary records, so that the work differs only in form from a purely historical narrative. In the same way Lord Chatham is said to have taken the "*Memoirs of a Cavalier*" for a genuine military journal, and to have recommended it as the best account of the Civil Wars extant.—*Eds. Lit. World.*

"GRADUATES OF BOWDOIN."

To the Editors of the Literary World:

GENTLEMEN:—In your issue of 24th January is a note doing honor to Bowdoin College by the mention of some of her distinguished Alumni. The writer of that note, as well as your numerous readers, will certainly be pleased, knowing that "here we see in part," to have one whose sphere of associations has been different from his, supply a few other names equally distinguished, and to the honor of whose excellence their ALMA MATER is equally entitled.

Among these are Wm. H. Allen, LL.D., sometime Professor in Dickinson College, and now the very successful and accomplished President of Girard College; the late Merritt Caldwell, A.M., a colleague of Dr. Allen's in Dickinson College, and one whose superior excellence as a Professor was surpassed only by his Christian integrity and his deep and unaffected piety; John Johnston, LL.D., Professor of Natural Science in the Wesleyan University, and the author of valuable text books in his department of science; Rev. Wm. C. Larrabee, Professor of Natural

Science in the Asbury University, a popular magazine writer and author of several books, scientific and biographic, of deserved reputation; and Rev. Stephen M. Vail, Professor of Oriental Languages and Literature in the Methodist Biblical Institute, acknowledged to be, for his age, one of the best scholars in our country. All of these, except the last, are natives of MAINE. "Honor to whom honor." J.

21st April, 1852.

#### A QUERY.

In collecting books for a public library in this country, I recently came in possession of a quarto volume of (principally) English Poetical publications, and it occurred to me, that as all are anonymous, by giving a list of them, I might possibly be favored by some of your correspondents with the names of their authors, or at least some references, from which further information might be obtained.

1. Friendship, a Poem; inscribed to a friend, to which is added an Ode. London, G. Kearsly, 1769, 48 pp.
2. The Council in the Moon. Cambridge, Fletcher & Hodson, 1765, 28 pp. In Prose.
3. The Travellers, a Satire. London, Shatwell, 1778, 40 pp.
4. The Senators, a Poem; or, a Candid Examination of the Merits of the Principal Performers of St. Stephen's Chapel. London, G. Kearsly, 1772.
5. The Diaboliad, a Poem; inscribed to the Worst Man in his Majesty's Dominions. London, G. Kearsly, 1776, 34 pp.
6. The Diabo-Lady; or, a Match in Hell, a Poem, dedicated to the Worst Woman in his Majesty's dominions. London, Fielding & Walker, 1777, 20 pp.
7. The Makarony Fables, with the new Fables of the Bees, in two Cantos, addressed to the Society, by Cosmo Mythogelastisk. 2d Edition, J. Almar, London, 1768, 58 pages.
8. An Heroic Postscript to the Public, occasioned by their late favorable reception of a late Heroic Epistle to Sir William Chambers, by the author of that Epistle. 5th Edition, London, J. Almar, 1774, 14 pages.
9. The Abbey of Kilhampton; or, Monumental Records for the year 1880, faithfully transcribed. London, G. Kearsly, 1780. 3d Edition, 76 pages (In Prose).

Now, Combe (the reputed writer of the Letters of the Younger Lord Lyttleton) is, I believe, considered the author of the Diaboliad, and there can be but little doubt, according to the Quarterly Review, that the Rev. William Mason wrote the Heroic Postscript, but of the others I can as yet find no account, and ask for information. D.

#### PRICES OF SOME BOOKS AT THE SALE OF LOUIS PHILIPPE'S LIBRARY.

PARIS, April, 1852.

1319. La très elegante, délicieuse, mellifue et très plaisante Histoire du très noble et victorieux et excellentissime Roy Perceforest, roy de la Grande Bretagne. Paris, Gallot du Pré, 1528; 6 vols. in fol., red morocco binding, printed on vellum, with illuminated initials, 11,100 francs (\$2,200 about\*).

1312. Copy of the same, 6 vols. in 3, tawny calf binding. 1260 fr.

1306. Chest Livres et le Livre de Monseigneur Yvain. Manuscript on vellum, illuminations of the thirteenth century, 1960 fr.

1303. Le Roman de Tristan, MS., on paper, sixteenth century, 1250 fr.

1311. Le Nouble Roy Ponthus, and La Cronique et Hystoire de Appollin, Roy de Thyr. Geneva, Louis Garbin, 1478 (?), 1765 francs.

\* It was this book, not the odd volume of Audubon, as the correspondent of the Commercial Advertiser supposed, that was bound to fetch at least \$2000.

1320. L'Histoire de Guy de Warwick. Paris, Jehan Bonfons, 820 fr.

605. Sommerard's Arts du Moyen Age (incomplete), 622 fr.

634. Galeries Historiques de Versailles. 24 portfolio vols., large paper copy, 820 fr.

632. Musée Français. 4 vols., 415 fr.

657. Dresden Gallery, 660 fr.

689. Album, containing fifty-five engravings, 1515 fr.

709. Chalcographie du Musée du Louvre. 81 vols. fol., 3900 fr.

710. The same, minus two volumes, 2050 francs.

731. Collection of Engravings (196 proofs), Le Bas. Paris, 1746, 600 fr.

770. Collection of English and French Caricatures, from 1799 to 1816. 3 vols. 727 plates, 641 fr.

774. Collection of Portraits (Robert Nan-teuil), 2500 fr.

1108. Li Regret de Guillaume Comte de Haynau and Li Romans du Castelain de Couci. MS., on vellum, fourteenth century, 1605 fr.

1115. La Cronique Françoise (Guillaume Cretin). MS., on vellum, sixteenth century, 2150 fr.

1435. Œuvres Diverses d'un auteur sept ans (the Duke of Maine, published by Mme. Main-tenon). Vellum copy, probably the only one existing, 700 fr.

1466. Collection of Oriental MSS., translated and published by royal order. 6 vols. folio, 1475 fr.

1565. Voyage de la Corvette, l'Astrolabe, 550 fr.

1589. Voyage Pittoresque (Chas. Nodier), 1000 fr.

1590. Another series of the same, 1159 fr.

1716. Humboldt's Travels in South America (6 vols. 4to. and 9 vols. folio), 800 fr.

1733. Spix' Travels in Brazil, 660 fr.

1805. Josephus, Michel de Tours's translation. Paris, Gallot du Pré, 1534, on vellum, with illuminated initials, 2945 fr.

1883. Les Anciennes Tapisseries Historiées (Engravings from tapestries). Paris, 1828, 555 fr.

1902. Documents Inédits sur l'histoire de France. 60 vols., vellum paper, 855 fr.

1903. The same, on ordinary paper, 64 vols., 410 fr.

2668. Oriental Scenery, by Thos. and Wm. Daniel. London, 1803, 6 vols. fol., 550 fr.

2817. Recherches de la Noblesse de Champagne, 500 fr.

2909. Paleographie Universelle (Silvestre and Champollion). 4 vols., 1115 fr.

2935. Illustrated Plutarch. Paris, Dubois, 1838, vellum paper, 27 vols., 890 fr.

2756. McKinney's Indian Tribes of North America, 406 fr.

379. The fourth volume of Audubon's Birds, 375 fr.

1204. The Fredoniad, by Emmons. Phila., 1830, 6 fr.

(The titles are abbreviated, and in some instances translated. Any bibliophile wishing to read them at length will find a catalogue in the Astor Library.) CARL BENSON.

#### AUTHOR WANTED.

CAN any of your readers furnish me the author and locality of the following couplet?—

Forgiveness to the injured doth belong,  
They ne'er will pardon who commit the wrong.

ALCANOE.

#### VARIETIES.

A NEW KIND OF WIT.—A new kind of wit has lately come into vogue, the inventor of which we have not the happiness of knowing by name, or we would give him the credit he

is entitled to for his brilliant discovery. The advantage which this new kind of wit has over all others, is that it is just as easy for the most stupid person to practise it, as for the most bright and naturally witty. Moreover, it is capable of indefinite extension, and can be applied to all languages, and would sound quite as well in Chinese as in English.

This wit consists in reversing the first letters of the names of a man or woman, a play, a newspaper, or anything else, putting the initial letter of the first to the second word, and that of the second to the first. It will be seen that nothing can be easier than this, and that the amount of ability required is so extremely small that it is hardly worth speaking of. A few popular examples will be sufficient to enable the unpractised in this line of wit to go into it to any extent. As for instance, in speaking of Christy's Minstrels, nothing can be easier than to say, Minsty's Cristals, and in the opinion of many people, nothing could be more funny. We have heard an explosion of laughter follow after a witty gentleman had alluded to the Star Spangled Banner as the Star Bangled Spanner.

Among theatrical people any allusion to Hom Tamblin, Nilly Biblo, Cordle Worbyn, Pill Borter, or Nam Siehols, would be instantly understood, and largely relished, of course. But such names as Billy Burton, Charlotte Cushman, and Arry Harecularius afford no opportunities for the exercise of this kind of wit.

A smile might be raised in a bar-room by calling for a glass of bin and gitters, a smandy-brasher, or a jint mulep. The usually dull routine of eating-house business might be agreeably enlivened by the waiters calling out Sea Poup, Balmon Soiled, Poast Rig, Goast Roose, Cutton Mops, Cried Flams, Peal Vot Pie, Tried Fripe, and so on.

The few examples we have given will enable the greatest dunce among our readers, supposing there to be one, immediately to set up for a wit on his own account.—*Sunday Courier*.

BAYARD TAYLOR AT KHARTOUM.—Here, for the first time, I fully realize that I have reached Central Africa. You will, perhaps, be able to appreciate the impression, when I tell you that the first dish on our table at dinner is a sheep roasted whole, and eaten without knives and forks; that the horse which has been appropriated to my daily use is a red stallion, of the wild breed of Dar-Fur; and that my pets, in playing with which I lose an hour's time every day, are a full-grown lioness, a leopard, and two hyenas. When we ride out of a morning, six jet-black attendants, in white and scarlet dresses, follow us on six dromedaries, or, if we choose to dispense with them, two footmen run before us, to clear a way through the streets. This is a slight taste of that barbaric pomp and state which one involuntarily associates with the name of Sudan.

There is no plan whatever in the disposition of the buildings. Each man surrounds his property with a mud wall, regardless of its location with respect to others, and in going from one point to another one is obliged to make the most perplexing zigzags. I rarely venture far on foot, as I soon become bewildered in the labyrinth of blank walls. When mounted on the Consul's tallest dromedary, I look down on the roofs of the native houses, and can take my bearings without difficulty. All the mysteries of the lower life of Khartoum are revealed to me from such a lofty post. On each side I look into pent yards where the miserable Arab and Negro families lazily bask in the sun during the day, or into the filthy nests where they crawl at night. The swarms of children which they breed in these dens sit naked in the dust, playing with vile yellow dogs, and sometimes a lean burden-camel stands in the corner.



The only furniture to be seen is a water-skin, a few pots and jars, a basket or two, and sometimes an *angareb*, or coarse wooden frame covered with a netting of ropes, and serving as seat and bed. Nearly half the population of the place are slaves, brought from the mountains above Fazagl, or from the land of the Dinkas, on the White Nile. One's commiseration of these degraded races is almost overcome by his disgust with their appearance and habits, and I found even the waste plain that stretches towards Sennaar a relief after threading the lanes of the quarters where they live.

—Correspondence of the Tribune.

#### NILOTIC DRINKING-SONG.

BY SAVARD TAYLOR.

I.  
You may water your bays, brother poets, with lays  
That brighten the cup from the stream you dont on;  
By the Schuykill's side, or Cochituate's tide,  
Or the crystal lymph of the mountain Croton:  
(We may pledge from these,  
In our summer ease,  
Nor even Anacreon's shade revile us);  
But I, from the flood  
Of his own brown blood,  
Will drink to the glory of ancient Nilus!

II.  
Cloud never gave birth, nor cradle the Earth,  
To river so grand and fair as this is—  
Not the waves that roll us the gold of Pactolus,  
Nor cool Cephissus, nor classic Ilissus:  
The Lily may dip  
Her ivory lip  
To kiss the ripples of clear Euratos,  
But the Nile brings balm  
From the myrrh and palm,  
And the ripe, voluptuous lips of the lotus.

III.  
The waves that ride on his mighty tide  
Were poured from the urns of unvisited mountains,  
And their sweets of the South mingle cool in the mouth  
With the freshness and sparkle of Northern fountains.  
Again and again  
The goblet we drain,—  
Diviner a stream never Nereid swam on;  
For Isis and Orus  
Have quaffed before us,  
And Ganymede dipped it for Jupiter Ammon!

IV.  
Its blessing he pours o'er his thirsty shores,  
And floods the regions of Sleep and Silence,  
When he makes oases in desert places,  
And the plain is a sea, the hills are islands.

And had I the brave  
Anacreon's slave,  
And lips like the honeyed lips of Hylas,  
I'd dip from his brink  
My bacchanal drink,  
And sing for the glory of ancient Nilus!  
On the Nile, Ethiopia, Jan. 9, 1852. The Tribune.

#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

To Readers and Correspondents.—A letter from Mr. George P. Putnam, touching the relative position of Authors and Publishers, in our next.

MR. PUTNAM has just published in two duodecimos—"Dollars and Cents," a story of the same style and character as the "Wide, Wide World" and "Queechy," become so soon popular. From some cause an impression has got about that there is to be a sequel to Wide, Wide World, and we are requested by Mr. Putnam to notify the Trade and the public that there is no such book in preparation—also that there has been nothing given out either by the author or the publisher to lead to it.

MESSRS. LIPPINCOTT, GRAMBO & CO., Phila., are putting forth a new edition of the Abbotsford Waverley Novels, in 12 vols. demy 8vo. with illustrations, and neatly bound in cloth, the price of which they make \$12. This makes the third of the new editions now issuing. The first by Messrs. Black of Edinburgh, and another by Messrs. Harper & Brothers, announced a short time since. Messrs. L. G. & Co. have in press a new and complete "Gazetteer of the United States," to contain the fullest and most recent information.

MESSRS. GEORGE H. DERBY & CO., Buffalo, announce that they are preparing for publication on July 1st—"Uncle Tom's Log Cabin As it Is; or, Real Life among the Lowly," by W. L. G. Smith, Esq.; intended, it is said, to represent the true state and condition of the master and slave. Messrs. Derby & Co. have

nearly ready a Life of Daniel Webster, in 12mo.; an illustrated edition of Fleetwood's Life of Christ; a Life of Mary, Mother of Christ, by a Lady; and "Scenes and Adventures in Central America," by F. Hardman, a reprint of a new English book.

MR. HART (late Carey & Hart), Phila., will shortly publish the following—The Discarded Daughter, by Mrs. Southworth. The Student's Wife, by Mrs. Daniells. The Village Queen, by Thos. Miller. The Little Sister, and Home and its Pleasures, by Harriet Myrtle. New Tales from Fairy Land, with engravings. Aunt Effie's Rhymes for Little Children. Pleasures of the Country, by Harriet Myrtle. Pencil Sketches, by Miss Leslie, 452 pages, 12mo. Magnolia Vale, by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz.

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